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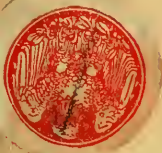
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# Songs of a Lifetime

Evelyn E. Parkes Adams





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# Songs of a Lifetime

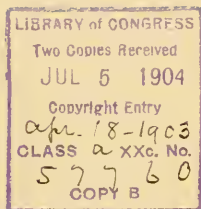
A MARRIAGE BOOKLET  
AND FAMILY RECORD

by

Evelyn E. Parkes Adams



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR AT  
McMINNVILLE, OREGON



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by  
EVELYN E. ADAMS

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1911

To my friend  
CARRIE LOUISE GILBERT  
who touched my life with song,  
these echoes of the songs within  
are affectionately dedicated.

## FOREWORD

Having often felt the need of a complete record in one place of the important events of family life, this little book has been planned to meet that need.

It is not the songs here inscribed that give the rightful title to the book, but those that shall be recorded here as the psalms of life are sung anew by those truly wedded.

EVELYN E. PARKES ADAMS

McMinnville, Oregon

April 30, 1904







# This Certifies

That \_\_\_\_\_

of \_\_\_\_\_

and

of \_\_\_\_\_

were by me united in

## Marriage

on the \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_

In the Year of Our Lord

nineteen hundred and \_\_\_\_\_

at \_\_\_\_\_

according to the ordinance of God and the laws of  
the State of \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ } Witnesses



## SONGS OF A LIFETIME

Glad are the songs at daybreak,  
When hope springs fresh and free,  
And out of the Eastern glory  
A new day comes to me.

Free are the songs of the morning,  
Courageous, and full of power,  
Knowing no fear nor failure,  
In the thrill of life's morning hour.

Tender the songs at noontime,  
Flood tide of joy and of life,  
Love's ever sweet psalm foretelling  
The peace that shall follow strife.

Sweet are the songs at twilight,  
Though minglings of peace and of pain  
For the glowing West is a promise  
Of the light that shall come again.

Thankful the songs at evening,  
That after each vale and steep,  
The feet that have striven and stumbled  
May rest again in sleep.

Sad are the songs at midnight,  
Sung while the tear drops start,  
Sometimes lost in the sobbing  
That voices the aching heart.

But ever that soul is singing,  
That rests in the Lord's own care,  
For he knows that in light or in darkness  
Love's vigil is everywhere.

For joy returns with each daybreak,  
And hope springs fresh and free,  
Till in resurrection glory  
A new day comes to me.

LABORERS WITH GOD

There's a footpath over the mountain steep  
At the east of the land of Nod,  
A pathway worn by the faithful feet,  
Of the messengers of God.

There are fastnesses in the mountain side,  
At the west of the land of Nod,  
That have heard in the silence the cry of despair  
Of those messengers of God.

But many a lonely traveller,  
Who came from the land of Nod,  
Has found his way to the rising sun  
In the steps of those servants of God.

There is many a lofty mountain peak  
At the west of the land of Nod,  
That has echoed glad songs of thanksgiving  
For those messengers of God.

PARENTS

Husband

Father \_\_\_\_\_

Born at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Mother, maiden name \_\_\_\_\_

Born at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Wife

Father \_\_\_\_\_

Born at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Mother, maiden name \_\_\_\_\_

Born at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Places of residence \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

#### A BIRTHDAY PRAYER

Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!  
Some strong and tender message clearly ringing,  
Over earth's turbid, troubled sea, and bringing  
Some note of joy to tune my heart to singing,  
Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!

Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!  
Through all the turmoil and the weariness,  
Through all the heartache and the loneliness,  
Calling me into that central stillness  
Where all is peace, speak to me to-day!

Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!  
I long to hear thy tender accents calling,  
From wandering and loneliness recalling,  
Strengthening me, and keeping me from falling,  
Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!

Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!  
Others this hour thy wondrous peace are knowing,  
Through other hearts thy stream of love is flowing,  
Thy word of power, so strong in its bestowing,  
Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!

Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!  
This day that lays a new year at my feet,  
Wherein new joys, new pains, new toils, I'll meet,  
Thy power can make all pain and labor sweet,  
Jesus, Master, speak to me to-day!

BIRTHS

Husband

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Born at \_\_\_\_\_

Wife

Maiden name \_\_\_\_\_

Born at \_\_\_\_\_

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Husband's

Wife's

#### THE CHILD GROWN OLD

Although we are treading the broad ways of life,  
And take a man's part in its joy or its pain;  
What are we but children amid all its strife,  
Whom fancy is leading along in its train?  
Dreaming our dreams that fade with the day,  
Building our castles that fall with the night;  
Wondering, yet trusting that guiding our way,  
Is One who will lead us at last to the light.



YOUTH

Husband

Educated at \_\_\_\_\_

Graduated at \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Sickness

Remarks

Wife

Educated at \_\_\_\_\_

Graduated at \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Sickness

Remarks

LOVE

Mysterious messenger!

Straight from above!

What is thy mission here,

Heaven-born love?

Thy great heart swelling

With new songs and old,

In thy pure, strong embrace

My heart enfold.

Wrapped in thy tender arms

My passion thrills,

My little weary world

With rapture fills.

COURTSHIP

First met at \_\_\_\_\_

Engaged at \_\_\_\_\_

THE STORY OF IT

LIFE'S BEST

Eager eyes turn from east to west,  
    Seeking to know where life is best,  
Earnest hearts search the high and the low,  
    Trusting that somewhere peace may grow.  
Eager eyes see that life is best,  
    Wherever a true heart finds its rest,  
Earnest hearts learn that peace will grow,  
    Where love is pure, and faith can know.

At \_\_\_\_\_

## GUESTS

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## GUESTS

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## LOVE'S HOLOCAUST

What shall I say to you to-night, beloved?

Is there aught that yet remains unspoken,  
Since I have read so close those earnest eyes,  
And answered with mine own each new love token?

Have felt thy hand clasp, known thy strong embrace,  
Thy kiss that like a benediction came  
And welded close my weary heart to thine,  
And all my heart has answered thine the same?

And is there aught to say to thee, beloved?  
Except the long sweet chorus ever swelling,  
Which hath no need of word or tone to impart  
The infinite meaning love is always telling?

What need to say, "I love you, my beloved,"  
When hearts in truest unison are beating?  
What need to know the human touch or speech,  
When soul to soul is in communion speaking?

Yet as the varied hues of earth bespeak,  
The inward beauty of the sunlight splendor,  
And temper to our human sight the light,  
That else might blind us, so we strive to render  
Love's blinding light in tender touch and speech,  
So ever varied with its red and gold,  
Its blue toward purple striving, till we teach  
Our hearts love's infinite to grasp and hold.

And so I say to you to-night, beloved,  
The same old story, still so strange and new,  
"I love you, my beloved, more and more,  
As each day adds to that I thought I knew."



## HONEYMOON

Trip to \_\_\_\_\_

ALL THE THINGS WE DID NOT SEE

## LOVE'S PALACE

Aside from the busy turmoil,  
Apart from the storm and heat,  
Is a little love-lit palace,  
Where we two alone may meet,  
There strife and pain cannot enter,  
There even our sorrow is sweet;  
Transformed in the glow of the lovelight,  
To the shadow of angel's feet.

When the noise and the conflict are round us,  
When weakness and failure affright,  
There's a spirit of peace in our palace,  
Singing always the triumph of right.  
There together we sit in the gloaming;  
And all of life's conflict and care  
Are transfigured to mountains of blessing,  
By the lovelight that lingers there.

And when the light of the homeland  
Our yearning souls shall greet;  
When the trophies of all life's battles  
Are laid at the Master's feet;  
The brightness of His own smiling  
Will be like to the afterglow  
Of the lovelight in the palace,  
Where we two alone may go.

FIRST HOME

At \_\_\_\_\_

DESCRIPTION

CHANGES OF RESIDENCE

### MY KINGDOM

I only am one among women,  
With no gift that should set me apart,  
    But I hold as my own,  
    Just the queenliest throne,  
In the love of a pure man's heart.

So I am a queen among women,  
And my kingdom none other can hold,  
    For my throne in his heart,  
    Knows no unconquered part,  
Of a love that never can grow old.

And I hold as his pledge of allegiance,  
A woman's most glorious crown;  
    The babe at my breast  
    That sinks calmly to rest,  
To the love songs from Heaven brought down.

### GOD'S INTERPRETER

Sweet mystery of motherhood!  
    Earth's link with love divine,  
How better learn the love of God,  
    Than through the strength of thine?  
How better to our human sense,  
    May God's own heart be known,  
Than through thy strength and tenderness,  
    Around the young life thrown?  
And when the vale of shadows,  
    In anguish thou dost tread,  
We better learn the dear Lord Christ  
    And, reverent, bow the head.

## CHILDREN

Born at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Converted at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Baptized at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

By \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Graduated at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Sickness \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Choice of Profession \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Born at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Converted at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Baptized at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

By \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Graduated at \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Sickness \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

Choice of Profession \_\_\_\_\_ | \_\_\_\_\_

## CHILDREN

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## CHILDREN

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### A NEW SONG

There's a new song singing in my heart to-day,  
For I've given my sinful heart away,  
And Jesus my Savior has washed it white,  
And filled it full of His glorious light.

There's a glad joy ringing in my heart to-day,  
The echo of joy from the far away,  
Where angels are singing around the throne,  
"Rejoice for the Savior hath found His own."

There's a sweet peace resting on my heart to-day,  
A peace that the world cannot take away,  
For I rest secure in my Savior's love,  
A foretaste here of the life above.



## RELIGIOUS BELIEF

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### HUSBAND

Denomination \_\_\_\_\_

Converted at \_\_\_\_\_

Baptized at \_\_\_\_\_

By \_\_\_\_\_

Places of Church Membership \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

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### WIFE

Denomination \_\_\_\_\_

Converted at \_\_\_\_\_

Baptized at \_\_\_\_\_

By \_\_\_\_\_

Places of Church Membership \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

### INTUITION

Why are we so sure when skies are blue,  
That hope will conquer and love be true?  
Why are we so fearful when skies are grey,  
Lest life's brightest treasures are slipping away?  
And why does the sunset's red and gold,  
Speak of fairer joys a new day may hold?  
All the voices of nature respond to the guest,  
In the likeness of God is man's heart at its best.

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### CHANGES

When we walk in the light of the sunshine,  
There's a shade in the thought that, somehow,  
It may be the pain of the afterwards,  
Will outweigh the joy of the now.  
When we sit in the gloom of the shadows,  
There is light in the thought that, somehow,  
It may be the joy of the afterwards,  
Will outweigh the pain of the now.

## BLESSINGS

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### THE DARKEST HOUR

O'er all the way He leads me,  
I know my Lord hath gone,  
And every pain He sends me,  
He once Himself hath borne,  
He knows the pang and sorrow,  
He knows the darkness drear;  
And though all else have vanished,  
I know my Lord is near.

And as He walks beside me,  
Through storms of fiercest power,  
I feel his handclasp firmest,  
In the very darkest hour.  
Oft in the tempter's conflict,  
When the eye of faith is dim,  
I hear His calm voice saying,  
That victory comes through Him.

But when the storm clouds scatter,  
And I see His smiling face,  
With gladdest songs I praise Him,  
That I was saved by grace;  
Yet I thank Him for the darkness,  
And the tempter's awful power,  
For I learned my Lord the truest,  
In the very darkest hour.

## ADVERSITIES

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NEW YEAR'S EVE

Standing tonight in the valley  
Where the old and the new year meet,  
The old year holding the promise  
That maketh the new year sweet,  
We pause for a moment's reflection  
To ponder the path that we trod;  
To wonder if all of the journey  
Has led us the nearer to God.  
We see that the days of our failure  
Were the days when we learned God best;  
And those that we thought successful  
Were often the emptiest.  
The old year breathes as its message  
As it silently glides away,  
"Whatever the past has brought you  
Press on to a fuller day."  
"The future holds larger blessing  
Than the past has been able to prove,  
And the scope of the years will widen  
To the boundless measure of love."

## ANNIVERSARIES

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#### THE SALOON KEEPER'S SIGN

Oh ye who are thirsty, come hither!  
Refuse not my generous call,  
For I know neither pride nor distinction,  
I have poison enough, and for all.  
Bring hither your wealth and your riches,  
There is poverty here, and to spare.  
Your lands and possessions I'll barter  
For hunger, and nothing to wear.  
Bring hither the light of your reason,  
Your intellect polished and keen,  
You can find in exchange insanity's chains,  
Or an idiot's trembling mien.  
Just bring me your health and your spirits,  
The strength of your manhood I'll take,  
And give in exchange just weakness and pains,  
And the palsy your members to shake.  
For your pleasure and peace, if you'll bring them,  
I have plenty of trouble and pain,  
All the sorrows of life shall encompass your path,  
I have losses for every gain.  
All the pleasures of passion I offer,  
For purity's calmness and grace,  
Your honor and fame all requited shall be  
By shame, and eternal disgrace.  
Bring hither your soul in its beauty,  
Now like to the image of God,  
With its promise of glories eternal,  
I can make it an inhuman clod.  
The light of your life for the darkness of death,  
I am ready and anxious to take;  
Oh, list to my call, I have curses for all,  
And my guarantee nothing can shake.



## TEMPERANCE PLEDGE

---

I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine beer and cider, as a beverage, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same.

Name.

Date.

### THE MINISTRY OF FRIENDSHIP

To complement our weakness with its strength,  
To sooth, to sympathize with every pain,  
To bring Heaven's balm to make us whole again,  
In Love's strong arms to bear us till, at length,  
When losing thought of self, with new found strength,  
We rise above our failure and despair;  
With keener insight see in friendship's care  
A glimpse of that kind power which, at length  
Perfects us; to arouse us from our dreams,  
Our selfish thoughts, and hopes, and aims; to bid  
Us look about upon a world which waits  
Our ministry; to help us catch the gleams  
Of Heaven's perfection all around us hid  
In other souls, which our dark soul awaits.

AUTOGRAPHS OF FRIENDS

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### LOVE'S INFINITY

How close the tie that binds two hearts together,  
Heaven's messenger to guard earth's purity.  
Sweet revelation of Love's great forever!

God's own unchanging proved to you and me.

And can that mystic bond be broken ever,  
That binds so closely hearts and souls in one?  
What though the veil of death may seem to sever,  
And from our sight the dear loved form be gone.

Beyond our sight, our inmost spirits tell us,—  
God's spirit, that our spirits dwell within,  
The immortal soul that loved us, still doth love us,  
Since our souls and not our bodies are akin.

All ties of earth by death may ended be,  
All narrowness and weakness fade away,  
But all the soul is, in its mystery,  
Must be revealed in heaven's endless day.

No marriage vow will need be spoken, when  
Earth's narrow loves to infinite greatness grow,  
And sweeter far will be the vows unspoken,  
That link together souls that all things know.

## DEATHS

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## NEVER AGAIN

Never again, as the years go by,  
May we look on life with a child's pure eye,  
Never again know the freedom from care,  
The unbounded faith, the childish prayer,  
    Never again! Never again!

Never again know the joys of youth,  
The first glad steps in the search for truth,  
The eager expectance, the buoyancy rare,  
Or the bracing touch of life's morning air,  
    Never again! Never again!

Never again know the conscious power,  
Or the joys unmarred, of life's noontide hour,  
With its tender loves, and its hopes achieved,  
Youth's dreams made real, its mistakes retrieved,  
    Never again! Never again!

Never again know the restful calm,  
Of the years that chanted life's evening psalm,  
Or the sunset glow mid the gathering gloom,  
That lightened the way to the peaceful tomb,  
    Never again! Never again!

But to wake in the morning that knows no end,  
Where morn and noontide and evening blend!  
To know the joys of the endless life,  
Without earth's limits, or pain, or strife,  
    Forever again! Forever again!

NEVER AGAIN—Continued

What then will be the mere joy of a child,  
Whose every step is by sin beguiled?  
Or the strife of youth, the success of age,  
When the stifled air of earth's narrow cage  
    We breath, never again!

When we reap the harvest those years have sown,  
See our lives in the light of God's judgment throne,  
Shall we yearn once more for life's open gate,  
And in sadness of heart say, "'Tis too late,  
    Never again, Never again?"  
Or knowing that Christ has bowed His head,  
Our lives by His pure spirit led,  
Shall we triumph with Him through endless days  
Of purest pleasure, and brightest praise?  
    Forever again! Forever again!

LIFE'S MEANING

Oh life, with all thy mystery and pain,  
    And fleeting joys, we would not part with thee,  
For only through thy conflicts can we gain,  
    What angels may not, glorious victory.  
Oh Christ, who hath withstood the storm and smart,  
    Through all our days we cling alone to Thee,  
Thy word, Thy touch, can cheer the weariest heart,  
    Thy power alone can give the victory.

## SUNSET

The golden sunset after the morn,  
Soft green leaves, then the yellow corn,  
The swift days bearing, one by one,  
Into the past the work that's done.

The first grey beam dispelling night,  
The maiden blush of morning bright,  
The soberer gleams as eve draws nigh,  
Blend in the glorious sunset sky.

The impulsive shoot that broke the sod,  
The stem that bravely reached toward God,  
The purple flowers, the brown fringed ear,  
Had each its part in the growing year.

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## BEYOND THE SHADOWS

The way is dark and I am faint and weary,  
But I feel thy strong hand holding me the while,  
And though I tremble at the storm clouds yonder,  
I see behind the brightness of thy smile.

There is no pain when I can trust thee wholly;  
No despair, since thou art over all.  
There is no loneliness, since thou art present,  
No wandering beyond thy homeward call.

The morn of life may be one cloud of sorrow;  
Life's noon may feel the tempests awful power;  
At eventime may be no sunset glory,  
Yet beyond the midnight is the morning hour.



CLIPPINGS

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CLIPPINGS

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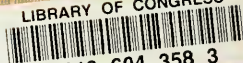




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